

The World

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HIGHER HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Carpets are going to cost more. "Labor troubles in the Philadelphia mills" is the official explanation, and, in addition, carpet wool is very scarce. So there will be an advance of from 3 to 5 cents a yard by the manufacturer, the wholesaler will add a little to that, the retailer a little more and the advance which the small consumer will be called on to pay will be very appreciable.

Canned goods are up. Salmon because the pack will run 2,000,000 cases short of last year's, and vegetables because of late frosts, floods and unseasonable weather. Tomatoes, asparagus, string beans, corn and peas have been scarce. As New York is said to consume more canned goods per capita than other American cities the shortage and the resultant higher prices will be more keenly felt here.

Apples will be dear, and this in spite of an unusual yield. The reason given is the demand in England for the product of New York orchards. On the fruit stand apples rank with oranges in price, a fact which the farmer boy of a former generation finds hard of explanation. This year's orange crop is very large. The statement is made that the city will consume 20,000 carloads of oranges.

With rents raised, the price of beef higher and all staple articles costing more, with very few exceptions, the outlook for the humble housekeeper is not encouraging. Very likely the husband and father is earning less than last year. Secretary Job, of the Chicago Employers' Association, recently published a tabulation of interesting figures to show that the workman's wages had increased so much more in proportion than the price of food that his lot was to be envied. His wife would probably contend that his extra income is likely to be consumed by the higher cost of running the house.

FREE ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

To many observers the most interesting feature of the dedicatory exercises at Seward Park on Saturday was the exhibition of club swinging and other gymnastic work by a team from this park in contest with teams from Hamilton Fish Park, Tompkins Park and De Witt Clinton Park. There was intense rivalry between the teams from the different parks and the children became greatly excited.

That is to say, these children of the tenements were experiencing what girls and boys born to a better lot in the experience at the Polo Grounds at \$2 a seat when Columbia is playing football with Pennsylvania, or at Forest Haven or on some other private field or oval where youths in whom they are interested strive for athletic supremacy. They were beginning to know the thrill of triumph which comes when their favorite wins. They were beginning to look on life with different eyes and to grow conscious of emotions that give a zest and incentive previously unrealized.

A free athletic park does not appeal by its landscape effects, but its practical utility is very great. In actual good accomplished among those making use of it far exceeds the show-place park. It gives sounder and robust health to every boy who plays there, and with that acquisition comes a gain in morals.

It is not too much to say that the institution of these free athletic grounds and the development of gymnastic rivalry among the children frequenting them will do more for the building of character than many a mission. They accomplish missionary work of the best sort.

A COLLEGE BOY'S VACATION.

There was a time in the history of American colleges when the earning of money by a student during vacation to help pay his tuition bills was so exceptional a proceeding as to excite remark. The growth of the practice is indicated by the report of the secretary of the Columbia College Committee on Employment for Students, from which it appears that Columbia students during the past summer earned \$31,401, an increase of \$13,000 over their total earnings for the long vacation of last year.

The number of vacation workers this year was nearly 10 per cent of the entire university attendance. The occupations engaged in ranged in variety from truck driving to the operation of a printing office, and the largest sum earned was \$1,000 by a law student.

This growing disposition to make use of the three months of summer vacation for some practical end rather than to pass it in idle idleness as was the old student habit is likely to have its bearing on the debated question of shortening the college course from four years to three. The three long vacations of the present course together amount to nearly a college year. If they are passed regularly in some line of industry of a kind with that which the student designs to make his life work the cumulative profit is likely to be considerable.

At all events, this utilization of vacations points to a radical change from the old theory that they were loafing periods.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

A German archaeologist and explorer thinks he has found indisputable proof of the sources from which King David and King Solomon drew the fabulous stores of gold which were taken to Jerusalem. After trying in vain to find German capitalists to a realization of the importance of his discovery he has at last been able to interest American capital in the venture. With this capital he will develop the mines.

The season for such exploitation is somewhat uncertain; even a Morgan would feel disinclined to undertake the flotation of this enterprise.

But if we were back in the halcyon summer of 1902 before the deluge came, what a field for the promoter's talents the underwriting of this company would afford! First mortgage bonds in "King Solomon's Mines" - the mere name would sell them at par. What a stock prospectus could be written from the material furnished by Rider Haggard, supplemented by legendary lore, and all founded on a basis of Biblical fact! It is not difficult to see the preferred stock selling at a premium, the common stock in an every exchange from Joppa and Jericho Wall Street, and promoters' bonuses making them rich.

But this is a fancy of last year. It is humdrum fact that "King Solomon's Mines common" might go for a good price among other "common securities."

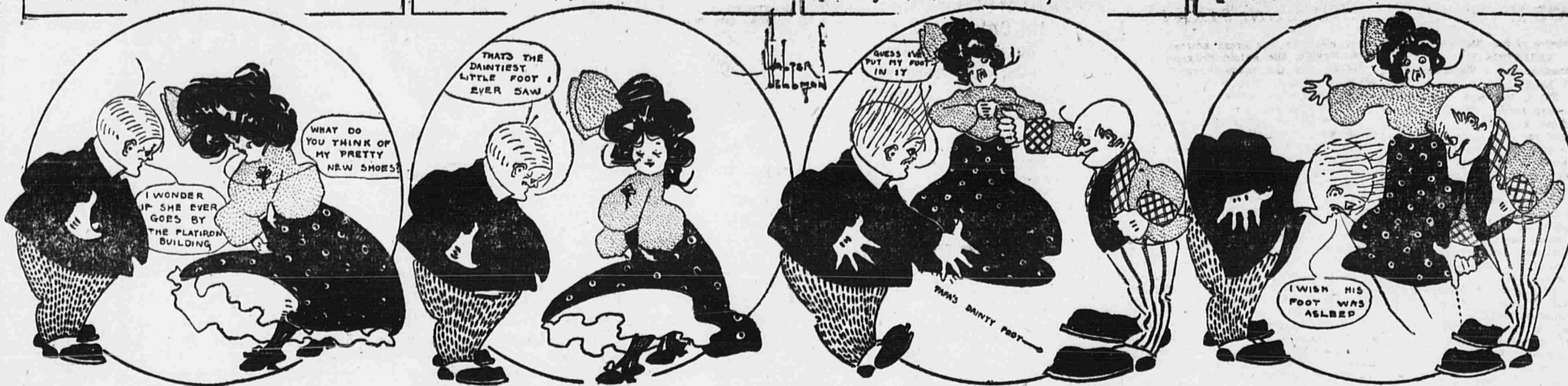
The Misadventures of Archie---Edith Has a Pretty Foot, but Her Papa's---

WHAT A Dainty Little Foot

GRACEFUL IN EVERY LINE

GET OUT, YOU RUBBERNECK GET OUT

I WEAR A NUMBER NINE.



Conversation of a Chorus Girl.

Say, if You Know of Any Nice, Respectable Furnished Rooms, Let Her Know, for She's Going to Give Up Her Flat--No, She Won't Board at the De Branscombes Any More--And, Say, They Just Talked Dreadful About Her!

BY ROY L. MCARDLELL.
(Author of "Conversations of a Chorus Girl," the humorous book hit of the year.)

"SAY, do you know any nice, respectable furnished rooms?" asked the Chorus Girl. "I'm going to give up my flat. It's so expensive and so much trouble on your hands, and then a lot of people is making trouble because they want everything quiet after 10 o'clock and don't understand us Bohemians."

"Of course, after the agent told me I'd have to get out, I wouldn't stay if he was to beg me on his knees. For nobody can say that much about me, not that much!" And the Chorus Girl tossed her head proudly as she snapped her fingers emphatically.

"Some of the cheap people upstairs hammered the floor, which shows how they was raised, just because some of the Columbia boys got the janitor to let them in after 11 and they gave their college cry on my landing. And the same people hollered 'Stop that noise!' down the airshaft when Dopey McKnight opened the piano and ragged 'Be the Sunshine of My Heart,' while Harry Trimmers did a buck and wing--you know Harry; his father's awful rich and gives him an allowance? No? Well, he's just lovely. And I don't care how big a bun he has. Harry Trimmers is always the gentleman."

"I only moved into that flat because they said they wouldn't take anybody but me without a reference, and it was so respectable that it was against the rules of the house to bring in a can of beer unless it was tied up in a newspaper, and the people on the third floor was so refined that they brought it in in a tin satchel that was painted to look like an alligator bag."

"Why don't I go back to board with the De Branscombes? Say, ain't you heard that Amy and me's fallen out? Why, yes. We don't speak no more, and when I tell you all I done for the De Branscombes you'll say, 'Well, you was soft!'"

"I hear Amy and her mother's talking about me terrible, but they better not, because I know all about Mamma De Branscombe being accused of committing kleptomania in Sixth avenue stores. And only for a newspaper friend of mine, who hushed the matter up, we'd have been disgraced, for I was living with them at the time, and a detective came and searched the flat. I thought I would have died!"

"And where did my silk umbrella go? The one with the gold handle that I found in Shanley's, when Mamma Montrose forgot it; who was it stole it from me? And my opal ring? Only I don't care, 'cause opals is unlucky; and my souvenir spoons of Sandusky, O., and Anniston, Ala., and my Harvard College pin that Benny Lefkowitz, who works in the big bargain bazaar, gave me the night I took it out of his lapel? Where did they go?"

"Sneak thieves? Huh! Do sneak thieves come back to the house again and hide the pawn tickets under the mattresses?"

"I could tell you things about them. Amy's always talking about what an invalid her mother is, and that if she don't have her siesta every day she'd be prostrated. But you can't tell me a perfect lady would make free with a janitor's family and set in their apartments in the basement and send out for a pint and get so familiar with them that when you go to call them down about anything they get impudent and holler awful things up the dumbwaiter shaft."

"Not that I would say a word against the De Branscombes, although they did work me for a good thing."

"I just told Amy what I thought about her, too, because Irene, Amy's colored maid, and, say, Irene is more of a lady, even if she is a dingy, than Amy is, told me how they knocked me behind my back."

"And now, what do you think? They go around and say I beat them up and board and my presence in the house injured Amy's social standing!"

"What do you think of that? Why, I never knew what peroxide was 'till I saw Amy De Branscombe using it. 'No, I'm too much of a lady to go around and tell them what I think about them. But I know somebody who's going to make me a present of an automobile if the stock market goes right, and say, won't I go up and down in front of their cheap flat 'till they choke on the gasoline?'"

Beware the Crime of Loud Kissing!

In Wisconsin, Noisy Osculation at School Now Means Arrest.



Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

WENTLE HANDLING.
"What sort of looking man is Tim-pins?"
"He is very plain."
"I have seen some cartoons of him and they make him look like a horse thief."

NO INSOMNIA THERE.
"I hear that Brown was requested to stay away from church. Is that true?"
"Yes. He snored so loud he woke up the whole congregation."--Chicago Record-Herald.

PHILOSOPHICAL.
Jack--How do you like this weather?
Old Crusty--What difference does it make how I like it? It wouldn't be changed, no matter how much I objected to it.--Somerville Journal.

A DISTINGUISHING.
"My idea of a wise man," said the youth who thought he knew things, "is one who knows when to stop talking."

A FOOD DEADLOCK.
"This commercial struggle is terrible," said the man who takes everything he reads seriously.
"What's the trouble?"
"The patent food people are trying to force me to eat."

NATURAL INFERENCE.
"I'm going to tell him what I think of him," said the angry man. "What do you think of it?"
"I think," was the reply, "that he must be a smaller man than you are or else you think pretty well of him."--Chicago Post.

WELL DEFINED.
"Pa, what's the leading woman?"
"Any married woman, my son."--Detroit Free Press.

QUITE SO.
"This changes the complexion of things," remarked the facetious drug clerk as he picked up a box of face powder.--Philadelphia Record.

HOW DID HE KNOW?
"Size does not always count," said the janitor philosopher. "There is more seen through keyholes than through the biggest windows in the world."--Chicago Post.

THE MASTERPIECE.
THIS world is mighty purty
When old Autumn spreads 'er paint
Over trees 'n hills 'n bushes.
But after all they ain't
No specimens of beauty
Yet found, so I've heard tell.
Can begin to hold er candle
To a downright harnum gal.
This world was put together,
Then the things that on it creep,
'N then Adam was created,
But it didn't seem complete.
For nothing was quite perfect
Or contented, strange to tell,
For the universe had never seen
A downright harnum gal.
By experience made perfect
An' avoidin' past mistakes,
They drafts another pattern,
'N then they ups an' makes
Their masterpiece of purtiness
All others to excel.
'N I guess the records prove that Eve
Was a master-handsome gal.
CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

The Man Higher Up.

New Possibilities
of the College Yell.

"SEE that one of those funny Chicago professors has advocated something on the order of a college yell for prayer meetings," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"There have been a great many complaints from ministers about the increasing apathy of attendants at prayer meetings," said the Man Higher Up, "and this hunch of the professor's may be all to the good, but the 'rah, rah' boy from Columbia who tried to play the yell hand at the Dowle performance the other night stacked up against the ace of clubs in the person of a cop, and was hurried to the booby hatch. Nevertheless the suggestion of the professor opens up a prospect of the adoption of college yells for all classes of endeavor."

"It is a psychological and hideous fact that on the football field many a team has been staggering for the ropes and yearning for a sight of the upthrown sponge when the yell of the classmates on the benches has turned the tide of battle. If there is so much invigoration in a college yell on the football field, why can't the employers of labor get together and employ plain-clothes men to install yells among the unions?"

"The fact that vocal noise is an incentive to toil has been taken advantage of for years. Sailors on ships work better when they have a roche-yo person leading them in more or less melodious song, and roustabouts on Mississippi River steamboats won't work at all unless they are singing or the mate is slinging cuss words at them. Here is a chance to increase the efficiency of the great American workman."

"Take a day on a skyscraper job when the members of the Housemiths and Bridgemen's Union are soldering. What's the matter with having the ironworkers' yell sung out by a select corps of leather lungs with a leader, wielding a sledge hammer for a baton? Here's a yell that would make them all hustle!"

"Bing, bang, bung; bung, bang, bing! Old Sam Parks didn't do a thing! Ah-h-h-fiddle!"

"Sometimes things get dull in a big department store along in the afternoon. The clerks get dozy, the cash girls get to shooting craps and all the floorwalkers stand in front of mirrors and adjust their collars. Then is the time for the boss to send out his yell expert and start it up!"

"Cash, cash, c-a-s-h! Don't do anything ra-a-a-ah! Oh, how we love our jobs! Shobs, shobs, shobs!"

"The possibilities are limitless. The 'L' road can hire a gang of experienced college yellers to stand on the busy stations and yell the crowds in; theatres can employ men with iron voices instead of iron hands to boost the show. In these days when so many college graduates are out of employment there is a chance for a new field in which to get them busy."

"The college yell is a great thing," said the Cigar Store Man.

"It is indeed," agreed the Man Higher Up. "From the way some of the graduates and students spring it they don't learn anything else."

THE MASTERPIECE.

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Nine Times a King.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is nine times king, twice a grand duke, once a grand prince, four times a marquis, and the multitude of his titles as count, and so forth, is past enumeration. In addition, as king of Hungary he bears the title of "most apostolic," which is one of the four highest bestowed by the Pope.